

Sunday.

Dear Mr West.

It is some days  
since I heard of your  
sorrow, but knew you had  
all you could attend to, so  
thought a letter a little  
later on would be better. To  
say I sympathize with you  
is but little, but all the kind  
and loving thoughts and deeds  
we receive at such a time,  
seem to help a trifle. I have  
been through the ordeal just  
as you have, and there seems  
to be nothing to do but say

They will be done. What is our loss is  
their gain and it sometimes seems  
as though it is rather a grand rest,  
for life is sort of a rough struggle at  
rest, but we are so constructed we  
can rise above our trials and fancy  
all seasons have their beauties.

Sometimes I think of what you  
used to tell me - "Life is just what you  
make it", and if it were just what  
I made it, myself, it might be a  
tiresome one, but it is always someone  
else who causes my wear of woe.  
So it is with all I fancy, as it is  
sympathy for others that draws  
out the good in us. You never gave  
me credit for much feeling, but  
you were altogether wrong, as I  
always argued, but of no avail.  
However, I have found it is a grand  
and wise plan to reason out all ones  
difficulties and seemingly troubles.  
Now this is a bright sunny Sunday,  
and something to be thankful for.  
I sincerely hope you and Grace also  
Phillip are well.

Sincerely  
Catherine M. Laughlin